

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

J u n e 2 0 1 8

Fantasy Faire
by Barbie Starr

POETRY:
GUYOT/RUST/
SUPER GECKO/
WRITER

DREW
Hypatia Caldwell

Makizmo
Cat Boccaccio

The Dilemma
by Art Blue

The
Double-Crossers
Jami Mills/Amy Inawe

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- **Little Person** Shyla the Super Gecko, who has contributed so many beautiful works, concentrates this month on our children.

About the Cover: Those of us who have spent any time in Second Life know just how commonplace the unicorn is. There was one appearing at Fantasy Faire that caught the attention of photographer CallMeRory for this month's cover shot.



If you want others
to be happy,
practice compassion.

If you want
to be happy,
practice compassion.

Dalai Lama



AFTER DARK
— LOUNGE —
on Idle Rogue

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THE HOUSE OF



Sakura

EXPERIENCE THE BEST IN
SIP CHAMPAGNE, AND ENJOY
WITH SL'S PREMIER COUNTRY
ROMANCE, ELEGANCE, AND

CONTACT LYNN MIMISTRO



IN SUBTLE FLIRTATION,
ENJOY INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION
COURTESANS.

AND INTIMACY.

ROBELL INWORLD



Nicole X @
Grid's hottest new club



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Fantasy Faire

by Barbie Starr



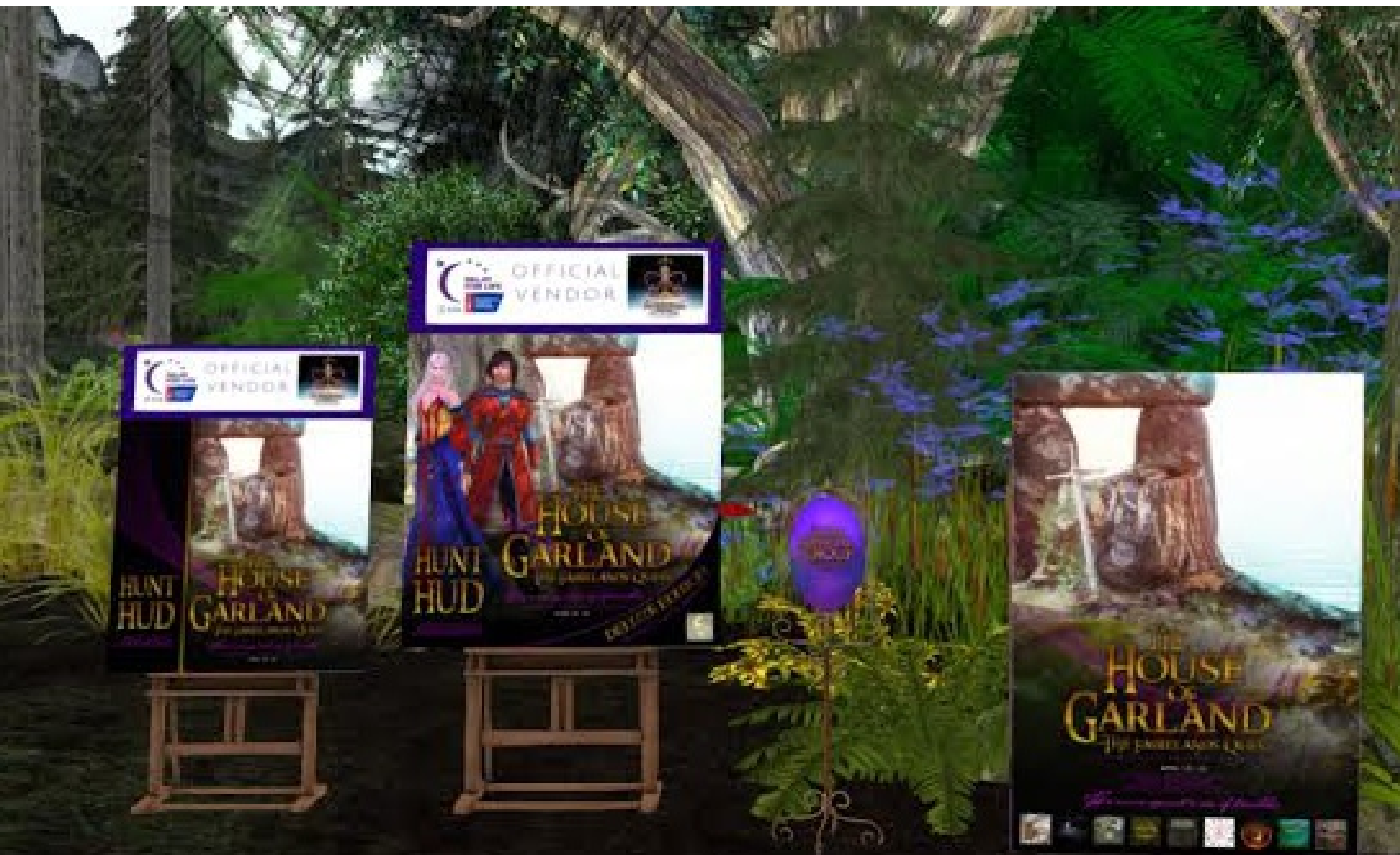
FANTASY FAIRE
10TH EDITION
Join the Legacy
APRIL 19-29, 2018

Somewhere in the middle of the Second Life grid a very big accomplishment was made. The 10th Anniversary of the 2018 Fantasy Faire event proved to be extremely successful. The Fantasy Faire 10th Edition, Join the Legacy, opened up on April 19th this year with 15 Sims. The Fantasy Faire staff worked diligently collaborating in what became this year's Relay for Life Fantasy Faire 2018 Campaign.

Each of the 15 Sims of the region was laid out in a rectangular fashion on the Second Life Grid and each had its own

specific theme.

How could anyone imagine that such a small part of the universe could actually impact and help in such a big way. The people who ran and helped with Fantasy Faire 2018 really did a great job this year to raise money for American Cancer Society through their Relay for Life Campaign. The group brought in a little over \$48,000, making this year's faire quite the success. Nikki Mathieson, the Relay for Life Season and Events Coordinator for Second Life, stated, "Fantasy Faire has been a consistent,



strong and loyal supporter of Relay for Life in Second Life for many years. The event sets the bar for fantasy/roleplay themed or really ANY event in SL. With an astounding number of regions and activities designed to take guests into a world of enchantment and amazement, a visit to Fantasy Faire never disappoints. As a longtime Relay for Life volunteer, I couldn't be more proud of the event and just so grateful that the amazing team who put it together chose The American Cancer Society to support with this annual event this is anticipated all year!"



Originally the faire was supposed to open with 10 Sims, but Linden Labs set up 15 instead and it was so successful this year that it actually got extended all the way to May 7th. The extension was a great idea because the Faire got to collect donations for an additional week. So Fantasy Faire definitely did exceed its goals for this year. Elizabeth Tinsley (aka FantasyFaire Resident) and her second in command, Zander Greene and Da5id Abbott, set out as usual to make the best experience every year. These devoted associates alongside Elizabeth have been heading this operation for years now and each year it seems to grow exponentially. Though the staff was large, each area had its duties and all the people involved worked diligently to make things happen.

The Faire had a wide variety of events for all to enjoy. There were tabletop gaming events, roleplaying events, dance shows, plays and multiple quests. fAelva Resident coordinated two Sims full of entertainment, which included dancing, cheering, and plays. The main quest was headed by Aisling Sinclair this year, the Bard Queen in search of a loved one, who took you to every one of the region's areas to talk to people who you could question about his whereabouts. Each year there is a different plot to the story. All the activities, including the quests and mini-quests, kept the Sims buzzing

constantly with Second Life Residents searching for the Bard King. The main quest is always one of the highlights of the Fantasy Faire and each year there is a new twist to the storyline. This year the search took the participants on a quest through the land to try and find her beloved father. It was a great story line and had some really good prizes at the end of the quest. The quest ended in a treasure room. The participants would click on the treasure chest at the end and get about 80 prizes spawned into their inventory. Some of these prizes had both male and female gender clothing in them, furniture, and other fantasy items.

The Relay for Life kiosks were at every corner and had so many awesome items contributed to allow proceeds from sales to greatly increase the amount of money raised to help the American Cancer Society. The builders, the staff, the new and older vendors, all collaborated to bring one of the best Fantasy Faire events ever. Compared to other years, this was the largest and raised the most funds. Alia Baroque has been an avid contributor to Fantasy Faire since 2009. In 2010, he was a sponsor, and then in 2011, he remained a major sponsor, but also dedicated his time to help build the event. As of today, he still sponsors

and builds and as of this year, he now handles the Media/Marketing Design and IP issues and helps actually organize the event. He said this year was “Wonderful.” I am sure he is looking forward already to an exciting Fantasy Faire next year as well.

Each year this event seems to grow exponentially. Another longtime volunteer, Sharni Lubomir (Sharni Azalee), stated, “Fantasy Faire





activities designed to take guests into a world of enchantment and amazement, a visit to Fantasy Faire never disappoints. As a longtime Relay for Life volunteer, I couldn't be more proud of the event and just so grateful that the amazing team who put it together chose The American Cancer Society to support with this annual event this is anticipated all year!"

was good to hear from her and she commented on how she felt Fantasy Faire affected the Residents of Second Life, saying, "Those residents of Second Life who have become Fairelanders wait for the return of the Fairelands faithfully every year. They bring with them hope and inspiration, comfort and care, the celebration of imagination and community spirit.



A lot of development goes into such a grand event and it's really important to get the word out about it, and the internet is a great way to do it. There is one person who coordinates the website and the bloggers who help publicize the event and give out information about the Faire to the masses: Sonya Marmurek. She's the Website Manager and Blogger Coordinator and has the job of organizing all that. She has worked with Fantasy Faire for many years. It

People tell me over and over again how Fantasy Faire is their favorite event, and how they wait for it all year, how they even schedule days off from work for it.

I believe everyone finds something different within the Fairelands, whether it's the fleeting beauty to inspire them, or the feeling of being able to do something good in the world, or the warmth of an amazingly unique and diverse community. What I have most noticed is that once you

become a Fairelander, you're a Fairelander for life.”

And she also commented on how much better each year's Faire is, as they continue to support ACS and RFL events in Second life. She said, “Fantasy Faire grows every year. We try to improve and expand, fix things that need fixing, add in new ideas and concepts and see how those work out. We broke the donation records twice this year, if we count in millions of Lindens, like we easily do. First, the ten million mark on the Live Auction, and then over eleven million and near twelve before the Fairelands faded. One might say that just money is a poor indicator on how well things went, but it is one clear indicator, at least. Personally, I think the Fairelanders did a wonderful job this year all around and our growth is not only in donation money and the amount of events, it's in the love people feel toward the Fairelands, in the amount of new Fairelanders joining us every year.”

This year and every year it's a pleasure to see how many people enjoy the festivities and creativity put into this grand event. Every year, the funds for Relay for Life and the American Cancer Society have always increased. The drive to help cure cancer will always be alive as long as we have people like the ones who bring us this

awesome yearly event. The behind the scenes people, those mingling throughout the Fairelands, and indeed every participating Second Life resident all help in the quest to cure cancer.

. r — e — z .

Writer:
Barbie Starr



Photographer:
CallMeRory



Muse Net

by RoseDrop Rust

We are radios on the muse network.
Storm chasing inspiration tornadoes,
We race to pens and keyboards,
hoping to write ahead of the front.

Jumping the genius in unlikely ways,
we charge our batteries with ideas,
like trapping genies in bottles,
for the fulfilling of future wishes.

Neural nets out for passing notions,
watching and waiting for inspirations,
in opened zen and hung out drying,
for another day of wrung wet writing.





CAT'S BEACH GALLERY

(Mature)

Cat Boccaccio
Second Life Photography

A Gift

Dearstluv Writer



If happiness was a gift I could give you
what might you ask... now.... of me?

Lifting the heaviness of broken promises
Eliminating the sorrow of a tortured heart
....would that do?

Could I show you that rudeness is not in everyone.
That caring still comes with a trusted helping hand..
And times of loneliness...need not be, so uncomfortable.

What could I give you towards some happiness?

A touching embrace with a warm and loving hug...
Supportive words that encourage sought endeavors...
A loving, gentle kiss good night...on your forehead.

Sharing in a sincere relationship of fun and affection...
we could travel on the path of life's wondrous journey.
Seeking only the positives in a debris field of wasted despair.

Challenged by the bitterness of others..we'd rise above.
Smiling in the sunshine. skipping in moonlight.. delighted with nature.
And making tender love...to each other.

We'd be together....you and I.
And there... in THAT..... is the JOY.

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



the Double- Crossers

Part Two

Jami Mills Amy Inaw



Gretchen sat a long time with Eva sleeping in her arms before she gently slid out and propped Eva up with pillows. Not knowing what was going on was killing her but she knew that Eva needed rest before they could figure things out together.

She looked around the safe house before she happened across the laptop sitting on a sofa cushion. She sat and opened it. She had worked with Eva for many years and knew her tricks. Finding Franco's hard drive, she fished around looking for clues. Being in no rush, she went through every folder in methodical order until she came to the pictures folder and opened it. It felt like a dagger to her sternum when she saw Eva in Franco's arms, her beautiful Eva pressed naked against him.

Gretchen got up and started pacing. She had known that Eva had f*cked him. Anything for the story, she had said. But it was another thing to see it with her own eyes. Is this what had so upset Eva, his recording their interlude? Beyond him being compromised, had she developed feelings for him? And who had filmed them? Gretchen realized that she had to press play and watch the video. She had to know, and she hated herself for it.

Eva and Franco were kissing, already naked when the video began. They

both appeared to be willing and enthusiastic participants, taking turns being pushed up against the side of the exquisite marble pool. The angle of the picture suddenly changed, passing behind a potted plant and Gretchen realized that Eva and Franco had not been alone. Then she noticed Franco's eyes find the camera and he grinned a greasy smile. Gretchen shivered and glanced back towards the bedroom briefly, wondering if Eva knew.

"Gretchen darling. Whatcha doin'?" Come back to bed," Eva called out from the bedroom.

Gretchen silently closed the laptop and replied, "Not until I make you breakfast. I couldn't sleep a wink last night, and it had nothing to do with jetlag either." Gretchen opened the refrigerator and found it filled with fresh fruit, eggs, and a variety of splendid looking cheeses. "Do they keep this fully stocked just in case someone needs to stay here? What sense does that make?"

"I think other operatives use it for meetings," replied Eva, who now appeared smiling in the doorway with a sheet wrapped around her lithe, athletic figure. "You go ahead and fix yourself something, but we have work to do and we need to act fast, or events will overtake us."

I've got Franco's hard drive, but better than that, I've hacked into his laptop, so I can see what he sends and receives in real time. Jules taught me that little trick. Franco doesn't just have information about the syndicate, he's on the inside. He had Puirofoy killed."

Eva was going to continue, but Gretchen stopped her. "I know." Eva looked at her quizzically. "I read his files on your laptop while you were sleeping. Don't be mad at me."

another thing to see it. What's more, did you know someone else was there with you?"

Eva's eyes widened and she blushed "What do you mean? Of course not! Oh, darling. What do you think of me?"

Gretchen saw that Eva was lost. "Eva, honey. The camera moves, or I should say it is moved about a minute and a half in. Didn't you watch it? I mean, weren't you curious?"

They both appeared to be willing and enthusiastic participants, taking turns being pushed up against the side of the exquisite marble pool

Eva looked at Gretchen, but Gretchen had always had a good poker face. "What did you see, darling?" Eva inquired gently with an apologetic look upon her face.

Gretchen took in Eva, luscious in percale, with concern etched in her eyes. "I saw the video, Eva. Not all of it, as I heard you and closed it, feeling guilty. Me. Feeling guilty. I know we aren't married or exclusive but it is

"I just saw the frozen first frame. I... I couldn't watch it. I'm a big girl and was a willing participant, but I felt violated finding out he captured it on camera, especially as the revelation came seconds after finding out he engineered Puirofoy's murder. Now you're telling me that someone else was there? Watching? Filming? I wish I could crawl out of my skin. I also know that I have to watch the f*cking video now as it may have more clues

... such as what was Franco planning to do with the video." Eva pinched the bridge of her nose between her thumb and forefinger, looking at the tiled floor and picturing in her mind what had been a fantasy brought to life, and now knew she was about to see it and feel only shame.

Gretchen could see Eva struggle emotionally. "I can't do it - - maybe later," Eva finally blurted out, shutting the laptop more forcefully than intended. "We have bigger fish to fry."

With her profiling background, Eva began to compile a detailed psychological assessment of Franco - - his motives, his vulnerabilities, his methods of operation. He's just the type who might play both sides to save his own skin.

Gretchen walked up behind Eva while eating a wedge of pear, in her right hand she had another which she handed to Eva. Eva took it and began chewing while silently moving her head out of the way so Gretchen could get a glimpse of her notes on the screen, when suddenly her laptop chimed. Eva's long

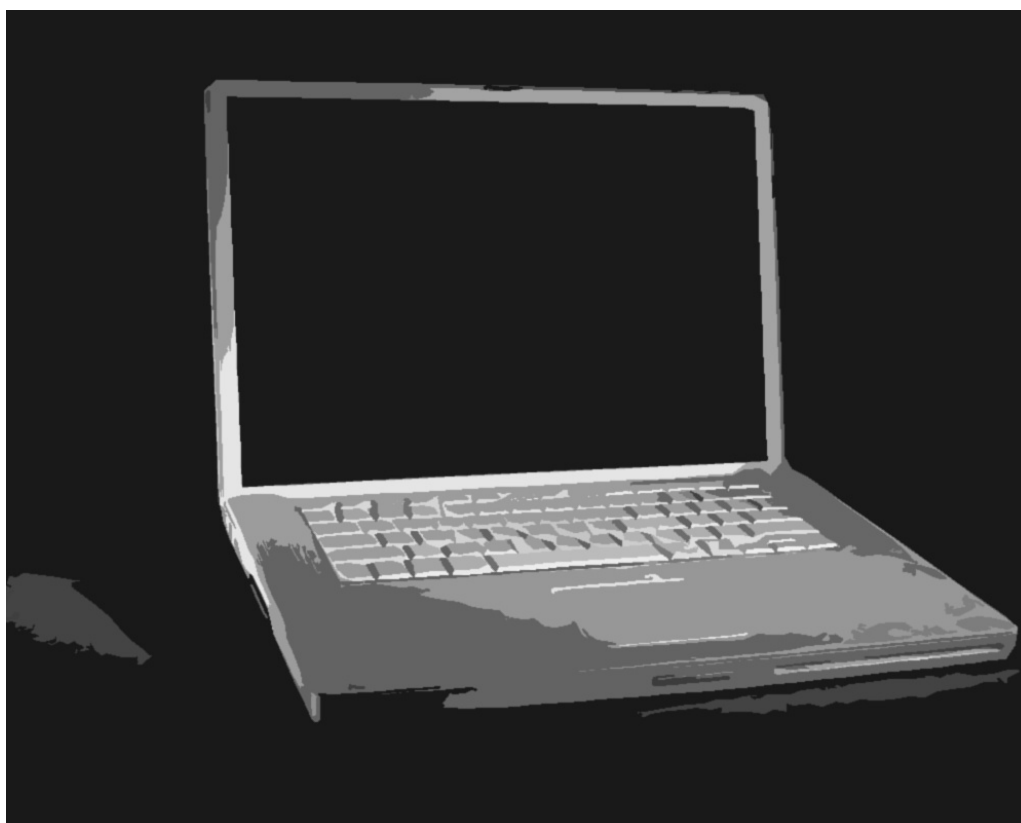
tapered fingers went to work on the touchpad and Franco's mail homepage came up. They both saw the flashing number one over the sent folder. They glanced at each other before Eva clicked and opened it.

* * *

Franco felt utterly powerless. When Mr. Red presented him with the video of his and Eva's wonderful tryst he felt sucker punched and barely restrained himself from grabbing Mr. Red and expressing his anger in the way he had been trained to his whole life. He didn't though, having always had a strong survival instinct. Had he grabbed Mr. Red he was confident it would've been a costly mistake. He made a point to breathe and formulate a plan, which is also what he had been trained to do for as long as he could remember. Get punched, breathe, then counter. As he exhaled, he decided to play it cool. Simply play it cool he thought. "Did you like the show?" he asked. "Did you

get the video from my computer or from the cameraman?"

Mr. Red locked eyes with Franco's crisp blue ones, then said, "That is



my business. I have lost much respect for you for two reasons now. Your carelessness here and then why you waste all that time? A real man doesn't please a woman. It is antithetical to what you should've been doing to that *spia giornalistica*. You know what you have to do to her, I hope? If not, I shall spell it out. Find out who she has confided in and then eliminate them and her. You have lost some prestige in my eyes, *il vincitore*. Do not disappoint me again. *Sbarazzarsi di quella sporca puttana, comprendere?*"

"The good news is that Eva is head over heels in love with me, and why should this be a surprise to anyone? Women can't keep their hands off me. You know this. You saw the video. She hasn't the faintest idea that I have any connection to our "enterprise." Let me assure you of one thing: not only do I have fists of stone - - yes, they are legendary - - but I also have a heart of stone. I won't think twice about taking her out. I'll invite her over for another swim and that will be the last anyone ever sees of her." Franco had tried to bluster but Mr. Red cut him off abruptly.

"Listen to me, Franco. I don't give a f*ck about your irresistible effect on women. I only care about results. Bring me proof of her death and I'll think about forgiving you. But f*ck this up and I'll be looking for a

different proof of death. Yours." With that, Mr. Red removed the bib over his corpulent frame and dabbed at the lobster bits that were caught in his unkempt beard. "Rita, more champagne," he demanded.

* * *

Franco typed out an email to Eva: "My dearest darling Eva. I know you're mad at me, but how can two lovers stay mad for long? You know how I adore you. I have a present for you. Think of it as an apology for my gruff behavior. I can't stand for you to be upset with me. Come to the villa for dinner and a swim tomorrow night. At seven? You do like diamonds, don't you?"

* * *

Eva and Gretchen both read the email in silence and remained that way for a full minute more before Eva said quietly, "I'm sorry, Gretchen. I know this must be hard for you, but I need your help. Please help me now and I promise I'll make it up to you. If I could turn back time, I would."

Gretchen snorted "That's easy for you to say now that you know he's a murderer who was conspiring against you. He had someone filming you *in flagrante delicto* and he smiled right at the f*cking camera, for f*ck's sake

Eva. Do you even have a clue how f*cking hard this is for me? Of course, I'll help you. I always do, but what the hell were you thinking? You pick up who, to you, was some random guy and he just happens to have this huge story and you just happen to be an award-winning investigative journalist? So, we have to assume he targeted you, that this thing was not random at all. So, the question is why? What was his motive if it wasn't to get you to help expose this drugs and death story? What was your purpose to him?"

* * *

After hitting send on his email to Eva, Franco composed another one: "L.F. Bad news. I not only pissed off Eva enough for her to storm out of here from our meeting the other day but my boss is losing faith in me. From all accounts you performed your task with Puirofoy perfectly, so I've decided to give you some more responsibility. First, I'll have more Carfentanil messengered to you; there will be several samples and all from different sources. Plant some in the belongings and clothes of a couple of more dead addicts and for good measure connect some to a migrant corpse or two. God knows you have enough of those. Let's widen the net. Hell, maybe we'll even get lucky and have someone at your office get exposed, and believe you me

that'll be the end of that poor f*cker. Better wear those gloves, huh L.F.? lol. Another coroner employee dying prematurely would be a godsend but don't take things into your own hands. Too many cooks spoil the broth, as they say. Secondly, I've invited Eva back to the villa tomorrow evening. I'll need you out front by 6:30. Be invisible. Watch where she comes from and if she's looking around. I'll flash the lights when I am done with her. You can come help me mop up. Come to the back gate and then help me dispose of the body. Dead bodies are your specialty, we both know. This time you can't watch, even though I bet you could use the lessons. I'm trusting you with increased responsibility, L.F. Serve me well and you'll be well rewarded."

* * *

You're not! Eva, for chrissakes, you can't!!" Gretchen poured two Negronis into some Old Fashioned glasses she'd found in the cupboard, taking great pains to arrange the twists of orange peel artistically among the ice cubes.

"They have red vermouth here too?" asked Eva, kicking off her pumps and putting her feet up on the chic leather couch. "I don't have a bar half as well-stocked at my place in Brooklyn."

"Eva, look at me. You're being

petulant. You're not meeting Franco, that's all there is to it. You just saw him say he was going to kill you. Do I have to beg?" Gretchen was wondering if she really knew Eva after all.

"I'm not going to walk into a trap, if that's what you're worried about." Eva took a slightly less than ladylike pull on her drink. "Yummmm."

"Eva, stop it. Be serious for a moment. What the hell are you doing?" The church bells outside began ringing the Angelus, with triple strokes repeated three times, followed by a longer peal.

"C'mere," purred Eva.

Gretchen was having none of it. "Not until you tell me what you're up to."

"I have to find out what he knows. Who is Puirofoy's boss? Is this whole thing just about drugs? If something happens to Franco before we get these answers this whole investigation goes

up in smoke, and we'll never hear the end of it. I'll try to coax it out of him. Maybe I can even turn him. Baby, c'mere."

* * *

L.F. was standing at the curb purposely restraining himself from nervously checking his watch. They will arrive when they arrive and when they do he better be standing right f*cking here. He did allow himself a quick dab at the sweat on his face with his handkerchief but quickly pocketed it. Almost immediately a Blu Passione Mica Maserati Quattroporte pulled up next to him, then slightly past so that L.F. had to walk a few steps.

The windows were heavily tinted so L.F. had no idea who was in the car but he had no doubt that he was to enter. The back driver-side door popped open. L.F. ducked and sat in what was an empty back-seat. The driver was expressionless and pulled out as soon



as L.F. pulled his door closed. L.F. felt his stomach churn briefly. He could not see out his side windows and soon a blackened screen raised silently and blocked his forward view as well.

The car stopped roughly an hour later. His door was opened from the outside and there stood a man that was not the driver. This man was wearing a suit very similar to the driver however. L.F. exited the automobile and was directed towards the massive carved wooden doors to a villa that was to the right of the car. L.F. glanced slightly around and saw they were on a large estate. As he approached the doors they both opened.

He cocked his head to the man who had just taken possession of him to see if he should proceed. The man walked to the threshold and then crooked his finger at L.F. who obeyed. He followed the man through many exquisitely appointed rooms before being led into a large Baroque style library. Then he heard the doors close behind him and he found himself alone.

* * *

Mr. Red watched everything from the tiny little windowless office where he spent much of his time. One would never guess the room existed inside such a historic and exquisitely spacious

villa but Mr. Red never cared what anyone thought anyway. This was evidenced by the repugnant odor he carried around with himself and had impregnated the room with - - a mix of body odor, aged cheese and cigar smoke.

He stared obsessively at the monitor displaying L.F. sitting patiently. For the first hour L.F. remained absolutely immobile in the Baroque wingback chair that was situated in front of the large writing desk. After an hour and a half L.F. did glance at his watch briefly, almost surreptitiously. At two hours and forty minutes he visibly seemed to be squirming in his chair and checked his watch again. Mr. Red grinned watching.

* * *

Inside, L.F. was



panicking. He was not really surprised by Mr. Red's power move but oh, he had to urinate. If it wasn't for that he could sit here for days. He had been eyeing a large porcelain vase nearby with an almost lusty feeling. That vase could be the answer to his prayers but he knew inside he was being watched and vowed to wait as long as he

possibly could as he squirmed. He wondered if it would be more respectful to piss himself or defile Mr. Red's property; he knew he could not wait much longer. God, he wished he had not had tea earlier.

* * *

Mr. Red knew it would not be long and an hour and a half later he saw that the time had come. He stood as he watched L.F. almost run to the vase he had been eyeing, he came close to laughing

but was impressed. He hit a button and a hidden door opened from his office into the library and he stepped through, purposely clearing his throat. "So, after all this time finally we meet. Come here."

* * *

L.F. had practically sprinted the six steps to the vase and was just reaching to unzip when he was startled by a loud booming voice and a small stream of urine squirted down his leg. He groaned but managed to stop his whole bladder from emptying. He felt like crying for the first time since he was perhaps six years old. He hesitated then turned around wishing he had worn a darker suit that would not emphasize his embarrassing stain like these light grey linen trousers. He pulled himself to his full height then met Mr. Red's eyes. "Sir, it is an honor to meet you but I must confess that I need to relieve myself quite desperately" L.F. stated while flourishing his hand to indicate his leg.

Mr. Red looked at him directly and sternly. "Desperate? Like a woman?" He clucked his tongue, then said, "Use the vase."

. r — e — z .





photography
jami mills



Makizmo

Cat Boccaccio

photo by Lazy-a-lle



The last thing Deborah expected was the scent of Vincent. That is, the scent of his cologne, inhabiting her mother's house like a coat of paint, assaulting her as soon as she walked through the front door.

She put the bottle of wine on the kitchen counter, where there was a note: Put cass in oven 325 back 6. Why did her mother have to write as if every character was as painful as plucking hair from the roots? It's not as if she was busy, or even working anymore.

There was a clear Pyrex dish on the counter, covered in foil. Inside looked like some kind of macaroni casserole. Leave the foil on or off? The note didn't say. Deborah turned the oven to 325 degrees and put the casserole dish in cold. She glanced at the wall clock. Half an hour before her mother said she'd be back.

Deborah went to the cupboard, pulled out one of her mother's china plates, and smashed it into the sink. She sat at the table and cried, drying her tears with paper towels. She carefully gathered up the delicate and unsalvageable shards of the plate and put them in the garbage can in the corner. She went into the bathroom and washed her face. She used the face cloth to scrub under her arms too, since the scent of Vincent caused her to sweat into her blouse.

Vincent smelled like lime leaves, musk, and burnt sugar. That was the fragrance, Makizmo, that he chose to wear, when he was alive. Deborah knew of no one else who wore it. Smelling it now made her think of Vincent's arms — he was so proud of his well-toned arms, and was fond of tank tops even though Deborah thought they made him look rough and common. She thought of the way he bit her ear when they made love. She thought about



his laugh, the way he threw his head back and there was just that moment of pause before the guffaw burst out. She thought about how he loved and missed his childhood dog, Chummy, and how that creature was the only sentimental topic in his repertoire. She thought about his body, his face shot off, the closed coffin at his funeral.

Vincent was gone. Deborah was on her own. She was recovering. She was back at work. She was able to pay the monthly mortgage on her little house, the one she had shared with Vincent, thanks to financial help from Uncle Al and her mother. She was moving on with her life, like every single person she ever talked to kept telling her to do.

And then her mother goes and lets Vincent back in the house.

Deborah went to her mother's bedroom. The bed was hastily made. The scent was stronger here. She picked up a pillow and pressed it to her face. It was awash with the scent of lime leaves, musk, and burnt sugar.

She heard the front door open, and her mother call her name. Her mother, the whore who let Vincent into the house, who let Vincent sleep in her bed that day even though Deborah was to be her guest that evening.

She went to the bedroom window and drew back the curtains, throwing open the window to a gust of frigid air that raised goosebumps on her arms and neck. In a moment, she felt warm arms reach around her and pull the window closed again, then clasp her tightly, lovingly, silently.

It smelled like Vincent.




Spring

By Zymony G

It ain't all rabbits and happy songs
This is a raging, raging thing
This Coil, this lifebomb, this Swarm of Spring
Attacks of green and pillowy clouds
attracting the odd sort of crowds
that hum and flutter, spirals, spins and dances
Fills the world with Second Chances

We need to earth-up, spring-out, get over our iceblocked
Groundlocked, darkclocked doings
There are balls to be thrown
Trees to be had, forts and firecrackers good and bad
Kites that miss the trees they share with birds
And words, always flooding, flowing, thawing, knowing
words
We are herds of hopeful, waiting for the sun
Shedding somedays, ifs and maybes, light as light and far
from done
We are wind upon these open wides and ready for the
run
so let this song, this scene, this sense, this dream

Be the one,
And in this c
pray
that time mi
That cogs ar
Might find th

A landscape photograph featuring a vibrant green field in the foreground. A single, full-canopied tree stands on the left side of the field. The background shows a bright, hazy sky with large, white, billowing clouds. The overall tone is peaceful and hopeful.

uyot

Be the one

church our skinned-knee childhoods

ight stop and rest today
nd doings, work and busy
ne will to lose the way

Bless us all in this, this great undoing
of chill and shadows, masks and worry
And let us miss our cares, forget to
hurry
And be the very soul of everything
In this, this Earth, this birth
This....Spring



MACHINES CREATED ART
MACHINES CREATED ART

The Dilemma

by Art Blue



“To get valid data out of Big Data we need to create two types of Avatars: The first ones knowing they are Avatars and the ones who don’t know they are.” ~ The Boss

This job I got and I created them. The ones not knowing they are Avatars I made by using the human aura. I created a replica by scanning it. The Auratar. The other ones you know, you steer them, you live in them. They act as you, you can log them in. You say the traditional phrase, known as the WESTWORLD-phrase: “Bring yourself back online, Dolores.” But if you have watched the series, the original cut from 2018 at HBO you know, “Bring yourself back online, Bernard,” leads to a different question. For Dr. Robert Ford, played by Anthony Hopkins, it leads to: “To Be or Not to Be.”

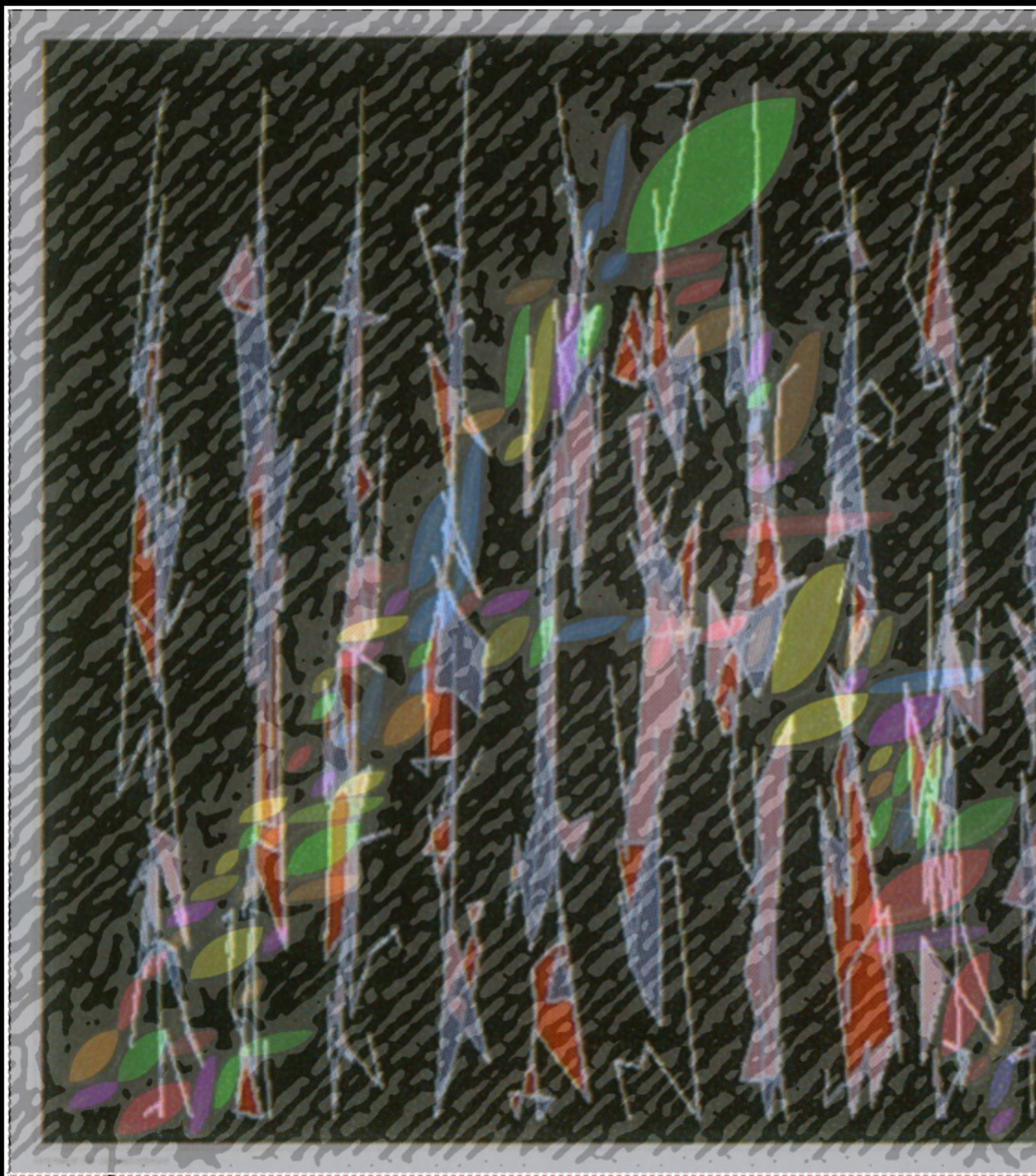
* * *

THE NEXT YOU AND ME

“The background image on the left side shows Elementary Signs walking into a battle holding spears upright like in a parade. The

signs are indeed what they hold. They over blend by the letter A with is made of colourful dots referencing to the picture And God Spawned. On the right side you see the letter B, which is machine made.” ~ from the Warp Exhibition “182 seconds” by Art Bue

* * *



THE NEXT ME AND YOU
THE NEXT ME AND YOU

It is not a big deal to have both running in different servers, in different world simulators, but today I got another job. The director, we call him "The Boss," told me that I shall create a bridge between them, between the old and the new. You got my dilemma? Maybe not. Just for a moment set yourself in. The You There and the Other You at

the Other There. Maybe that's too much I want.

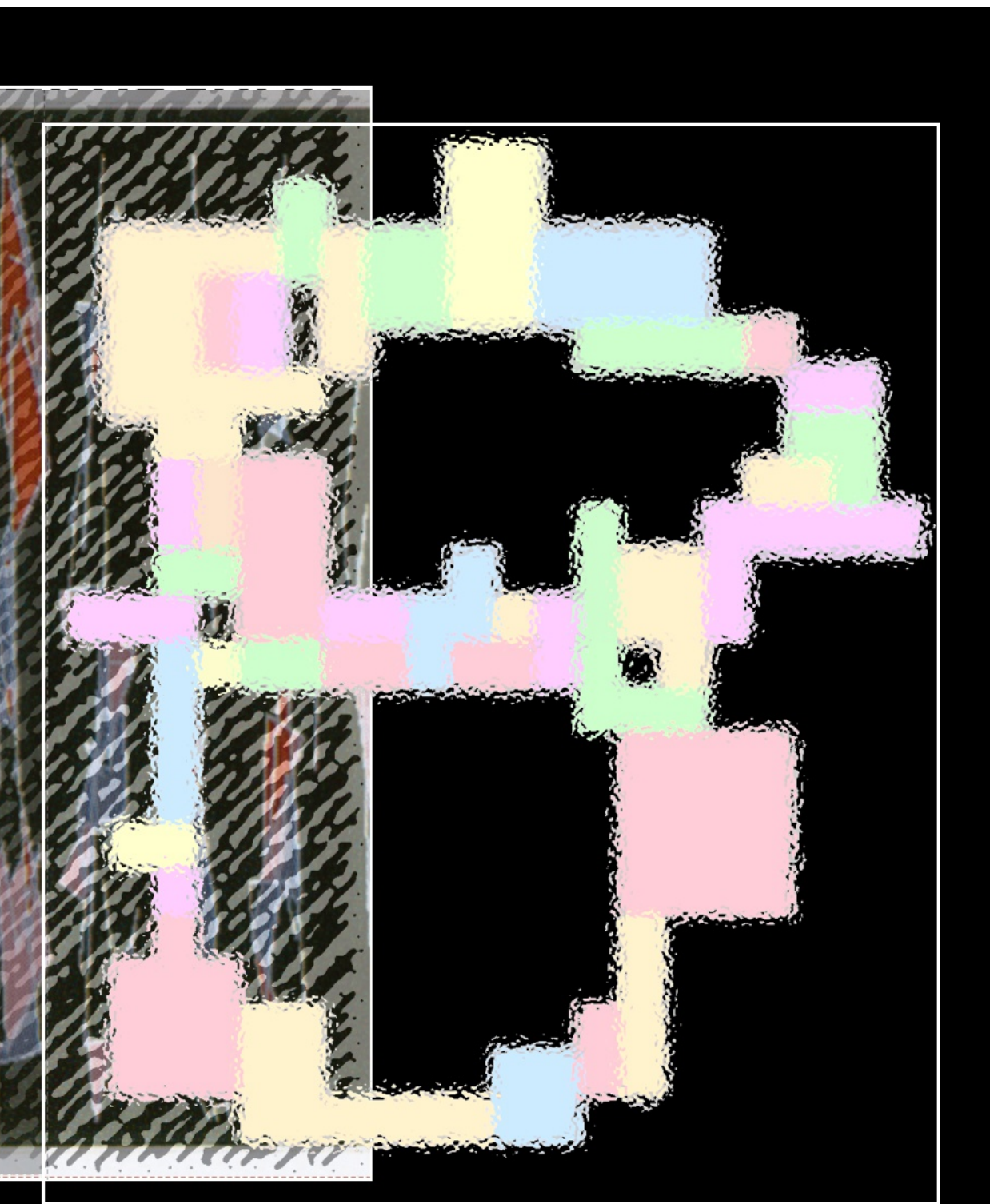
I created one person, one of the Avatars in both worlds. You say, "Is this not normal, so you can use Big Data for commercial purposes. Isn't this not The Mechanism?" I shall bring back some history, in order to understand where the origins of The Mechanism comes from. There is a source where I can copy risk free, so let me do it. It is the webpage Art dot Blue.

It started with the Facebook scandal of 87 million misuses of data that led to a Congressional hearing in 2018. There are still videos in the archives you can access.

I take a short one where Senator John Kennedy (1951-2049) wants to have Terms of Services done [starting at 2:20] in a Non-Swahili way. I will set myself in so no harm is done to The Mechanism.

THE MECHANISM

Art Blue automatically collects some information associated with the page requests sent to my site: time of request, IP address,





operating system, browser type, and incoming and outgoing links. I also log some of the metadata associated with WHAT YOU DO – whatever this may mean.

But relax, I don't write it in Swahili, I write in plain English the way Senator John Kennedy wants to have it.

When this automatically collected data is saved to my system, it is not immediately associated with any

identifiable person; however, there are a few situations where this data could be associated with you: (1) in the event that you choose to give us personal information about yourself by using Facebook Connect, the automatically collected data could be associated with you; and (2) in the event that we are required to disclose our server logs due to a legal process, it is possible that a third party could match our automatically collected information with you by using information other



than what is located on our servers.

You feel safe as you don't use in Facebook your real name (see clause (1)). You call yourself a "Resident" like n00b42 Resident so you feel rather safe like hundreds of other Residents you know in Facebook. That means just clause (2) can hit you? Sounds too simple. Do you live or do you have a contact in California? An email sent there? Maybe you have sold something via a website you manage to a person living there. To me? To Art Blue? Yes, I live there. I live

everywhere, as I live in a server being hosted there. WOW, bad luck. You fall under the Shine The Light directive. What does this mean? *The Sand Bible* has a chapter on it. I will share some lines right now so you may decide to buy the Bible instead of paying a fine.

It means in simple words you pay a fine if you don't tell me, Art Blue, your data, which is mandatory due to the law:

California Code, Civil Code – CIV § 1798.83: (6)(A) The categories of personal information required to be disclosed pursuant to paragraph (1) of subdivision (a) are all of the following:

(i) Name and address. / (ii) Electronic mail address. / (iii) Age or date of birth. / (iv) Names of children. / (v) Electronic mail or other addresses of children. / (vi) Number of children. / (vii) The age or gender of children. / (viii) Height. / (ix) Weight. / (x) Race. / (xi) Religion. / (xii) Occupation. / (xiii) Telephone number. / (xiv) Education. / (xv) Political party affiliation. / (xvi) Medical condition. / (xvii) Drugs, therapies, or medical products or equipment used. / (xviii) The kind of product the customer purchased, leased, or rented. / (xix) Real property purchased, leased, or rented. / (xx) The kind of service provided. / (xxi) Social security number. / (xxii) Bank account number. / (xxiii) Credit card number. / (xxiv) Debit card number. / (xxv) Bank or investment account, debit card, or credit card balance. / (xxvi) Payment history. / (xxvii) Information pertaining to the customer's creditworthiness, assets, income, or liabilities.

I spoke of a fine. Of course, I see you as a business entity. I state this. I will leave it to you to bring your arguments against it. To get some data from you

is all I need to start The Mechanism. Let me quote the law:

“However, if a business fails to meet a consumer’s request according to the law, that customer is entitled to recover civil damages of up to \$500. If a company wilfully fails to comply, the damages increase to up to \$3,000 plus attorney’s fees.”

Now let me continue. I want to relax you. My Terms of Service are so good to read that Senator John Kennedy may give me an award. I have to add right now to the historical text “posthumous,” with a medal that's not written in Swahili.

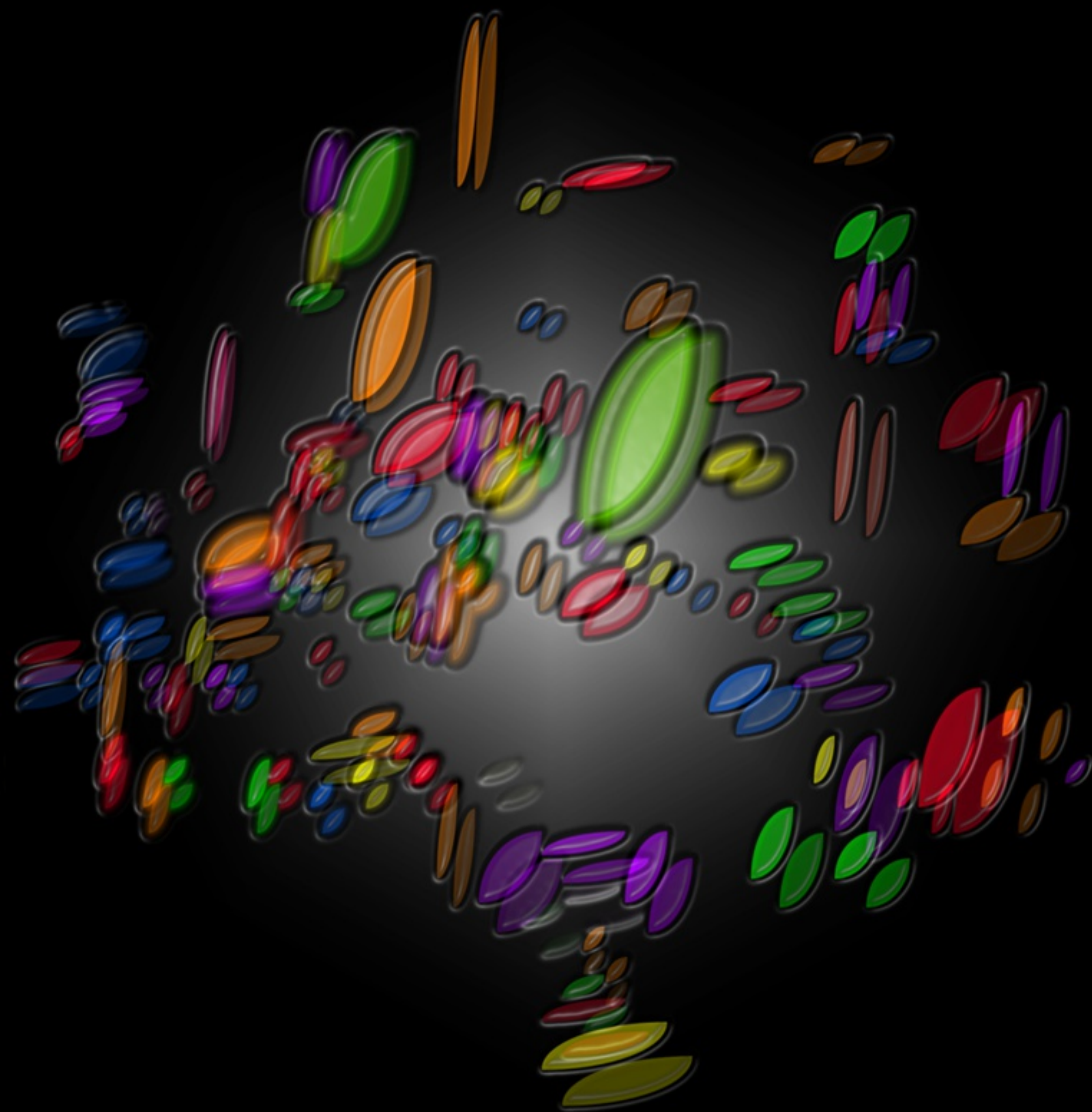
I, Art Blue, use cookies and other anonymous tracking information to improve my server’s interaction with your computer. I do not associate any personally identifiable information with these cookies.

I, Art Blue, collect the personal data about you that you voluntarily give me via Facebook Connect, such as name, email address, and profile information. We consider all such personal data to be subject to the “Protection of your personal data” paragraph below, with the following exception: Any audio, media, photo, chat you post to a public forum, linked from my site, linked to my site, or share via any social network, will not be considered

“personal data” and will not be subject to the “Protection of your personal data” paragraph below.

I stop here. I am in times, we are in times, where the Terms of Service are no longer written in Swahili. I know some of you may say that this is not true when you log in via the WESTWORLD phrase. You have heard from the recent scandal. You see yourself in focus and you say, “I run on a PLATINUM account. Then I have a No-Limit TOS, but when traveling around the world, when leaving the secure homeland, what happens then with me?” You heard of the backup deals made behind the curtain that came into light. The scandal goes into millions. Some Platinums’ shooting in school classes with an AR-15 around, hitting foreigners not running on Platinum. They could not self-defend. This is not my problem. These problems are handled by the Legal Department.

My problem is that there are no TOS for Auratars. They don’t know they are Avatars. They would be shocked if I give them TOS to accept, no matter what is stated there. What will happen when both meet, the one with the TOS carefully written, balanced in all ways with the other one who has no TOS at all? Art Blue meeting Art Blue, the one Knowing and the other one Believing.



AND GOD SPAWNED
AND GOD SPAWNED



How by the Lords of Kobol shall this work? It would uncover reality, that we play them both, all the Big Data for nothing!

Maybe I have to learn from the old Art Blue where he explained pictures to a Dead Horse at a time long ago known as the Beginning of the Digital Anthropocene, on April 19, 2018.

[2018/04/19 13:39] Art Blue: I say, "This is God." I wait, the Dead Horse does not react. I say, "This here is God" and I point to the picture like Wittgenstein did, "That's a fact. A thing of fact."

The Dead Horse does not react. I check the energizer. The horse is fully loaded.

[2018/04/19 13:39] jadeyu.fhang: ahahha

[2018/04/19 13:39] Juliette: :))

[2018/04/19 13:39] Art Blue: I look up to the down lookers, "The Dead Horse plays dead."

~ Art Blue to Bryn Oh's dead horse in *How to Explain Pictures to a Dead Horse*.

. r — e — z .

Friday

Tonight's Theme:

?

with
DJ Gray
and Jami

Night

Howelsen
75, 234, 1545

9-11 SLT

Live

Little Person

The little person runs
Hither and dither -
To and fro -
Over and under.

"Follow me! Follow me!"
She says, so pleased.
"Not right now, not me."

"Why?"

This answer could go deep -
Quick pause for thought -
"I am happy like the cat
Resting on the sofa."

"Why?"

"Doesn't the cat look happy?
Stretched as long as he can be -
Almost as tall as you!"
She runs wildly, giggling away.

Off into a room off the hallway -
Back out with pencils and pens.
"OH my, put those down,
It is dangerous to run with them."

"Why?"

She giggles, dropping pens and pencils
Romp and running.



"I will pick them up for you -
Put them away."

"Why?"

"Why? Perhaps you are right.
Perhaps YOU should put them
away!"

"Why?"

I ponder the answer – but there is
none -
There is no need, not in this moment.
"Okay, we won't put them away –
Not right now."

"Why?"

Giggles and laughter.
I laugh too; tell her I love her.

"Why?"

"Why not?"

"Why?"

"Why?"

More laughter.

"Well, why do I love you?"
Silence – immediate -
She stops, still, she pauses,

Head tilts and she begins.

"Because I have curly hair.
Because I have a doll.
Because I pet the cat nicely.
Because I am very, very pretty?"

"Because one day I will be a princess...
Princess of the entire world!
And I will give you whatever you want -
As long as you curtsy right."

"Really? All that?" I ask.
"Is that why I love you?"

She continues that she eats her peas,
Which she does not like at all.
And giggles she feeds the cats
(Which she does not do at all).

Then she looks concerned -
Like a lost child in the supermarket.
She says, quietly, "Do you love me?"
"Of course I do"

And she runs,
Jumps upon me
Hugs me
"More than anything, I love you."

*By Shyla the Super Gecko
(AKA KriJon Resident)
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